

# THE FRIGHTFUL DREAMS OF A MORPHINE FIEND.



(FROM A SKETCH MADE BY MISS EYTINGE FOR THE JOURNAL.)

## To Finish the Big Tunnel Under the North River to Jersey.

At last it seems certain that the Hudson River tunnel, connecting New York with Jersey City, is to be completed. Thus it will be possible for New Yorkers to cross to Jersey City underneath the Hudson River, making the passage in a few minutes in comfortable railway cars, illuminated by electric light.

The tunnel, which was abandoned after nearly one-half of the work had been completed, has now been taken in hand by an English company. An engineer experienced in tunnel work about New York is at the head of the construction scheme, and it is now believed that the work of finishing the tunnel will soon be begun.

Thus will New Yorkers secure, at an early date, as is now believed, facilities of access from this city toward the West, which far-seeing men have long regarded as inevitable. It seemed only a question of time when the great North River should eventually be tunneled.

Strange to say, there is no railroad track crossing Hudson River this side of Poughkeepsie, although the whole of New England is thus cut off from direct communication with the South. At the present time there is but one railroad depot in this great city, although most of the travel from New York is toward the West and South and passengers are obliged to cross in ferries to the numerous railroad depots of Jersey City.

Jersey City itself lives by contiguity to the great metropolis, and a tunnel under the North River such as it is now pro-

posed to finish, would enhance the value of real estate all over that town. All the residents of New Jersey doing business in New York and obliged twice daily to make the trip across the North River on ferries would appreciate the value of this new work, especially in foggy weather.

The railroads terminating at Jersey City could run whole trains clear through to New York under the river. The end of the tunnel at Morton street in this city would become an important depot.

A successful tunnel at this point would considerably decrease the traffic on the river. Ferryboats would be much less numerous, and the North River would not be so dangerously crowded during busy times of the day, as it is at present.

The freight could be carried in the tunnel from and to New York at night, when the passenger traffic for the day had largely ceased. The end of the tunnel in Jersey City, which is located on Fifteenth street, is in a neighborhood easily reached by converging trolley lines, and several important railroad depots are in the immediate vicinity.

The trip across the river would occupy but a few minutes, for the tunnel would be little over a mile in length, and it would be equipped with a double set of car tracks. The new company which now proposes to complete the tunnel will charge only 3 cents for a single passage, the amount now charged on ferryboats.

The larger part of the revenues of the company is expected to come from passen-

ger traffic, but the carrying of freight and mails is also expected to be very profitable. It is said that a quarter of a million passengers per day could be accommodated by the North River tunnel.

By the use of electricity for a motive power the heat, noise and smoke of steam engines will be dispensed with. Electric lights will also make it possible to keep heat and smoke out of the tunnel, which will be cooler in Summer than any street in the city.

This new plan for the completion of the long abandoned Hudson River tunnel was debated at length at a meeting of bondholders of the company held in London on June 11. Engineer Charles M. Jacobs, of No. 102 Broadway, who planned and successfully constructed the gas tunnel under the East River, which is big enough for a man to walk through, described in detail just what was necessary to finish the Hudson River tunnel and the obstacles that would have to be overcome.

He stated that 3,807 feet of the tunnel had been constructed up to the present time, while the total completed length including open-cut work, would amount to 9,270 feet. Running eastward from Jersey City under the East River, there have been over 3,500 feet of tunnel built.

From the New York side, at the foot of Morton street, where a deep shaft leading to the subterranean work is situated, there have been 150 feet of the tunnel built, a great part of which extends out beneath the river.

I have attained the uttermost heights of heaven and have sounded the profoundest depths of hell, and I have concluded that a happy medium, an evenly balanced mental condition, toned up with an occasional thrill of enthusiasm and tempered with honest ambition, is about the best plan of life, after all. I speak with authority on the transcendental delights and the unspeakable horrors that follow the point of the hypodermic needle.

I write this screed in the hope that some unhappy, nerve-racked woman or man may read, and, reading, learn that "once a fiend, always a fiend" is a lying axiom, fathered by the Umpire Imp who inhabits the tiny silver cylinder, the concealed weapon to be used by the victim against himself. If the recitation of my experiences can check some one who is in the initial stages of a flirtation with this insidious fiend, or aid in the divorce of one soul wedded to this devil, I shall not have written in vain. Should this unvarnished story result in a single incipient slave calling a halt, I shall feel I have made a partial reparation for past follies. Follies, did I say? Crimes were the better word; and that from the desert of demoralization hath blossomed the flower of regeneration.

To the docility of doctors, to the indifference of druggists, to the high pressure of social duties, to the artistic tension of professional life, may be laid the general use of morphine and kindred opiates. The reason? Nerves constantly keyed up. A state of exaltation becomes a second nature, and in order to keep the pace, in the dread of being left in the mad race, we must have stimulus of some sort.

What is the result? With the advance of civilization, luxury, and consequent high nervous strain we rush to drugs. Mentality must be braced. A state of exaltation becomes a necessity. A principal and unsuspected factor in the use of morphia is vanity.

We desire to be all and more than we are expected to be. We wish to do all and more than is demanded of us. Possessed of fair ability, we long to shine resplendent. To twinkle, however, attractively, is not sufficient. We must be the sun. We are not content to be near it, to bask in its glory, to benefit by its warmth.

In the effort to reach the altitude some must fall. Such is the system of progress, and in our climbing if we depend on false aids they will surely break and land us below the level of mediocrity.

Does it pay to gain the pleasure of pretence at the price of intellect? Does it pay to sacrifice the only attribute which elevates us above the animal for the base metal of a glittering mockery?

The mother makes the greatest impress upon the individuality of the child. For months her mind is formulating, praying, hoping, longing, fearing. Let us have a thought for those who come after us.

The use of opium in every form threatens the bulwarks of our Government. It deadens discipline, destroys system, kills honor. I have been told from undoubted authority that where one woman in one hundred is addicted to alcohol, ten are the secret slaves of opium.

The statistics of the last year show 100,000 users of morphia. This does not seem a large proportion in a great population, but eminent specialists will tell you that the estimate falls absurdly short of actual count, and it is generally believed by prominent medical men whom I have interviewed that four times that number would come nearer the mark.

This means nothing less than the wiping out of our American nation, the destruction of American independence. Thousands have been committed to insane asylums whose downfall from the throne of reason dates from the first dose of opium.

The saddest part of this story of evil is the ruin wrought in homes. The hypodermic needle develops in the victim an extraordinary power of deception. He or she will deceive the wisest in the persistent denial of the use of the drug, until at last denial becomes fruitless.

There are many homes where the secret is well hidden, where the wife and mother is subject to frequent fainting spells, which cause the most painful apprehension among friends. The husband is in ignorance. The physician does not inform him for various reasons. The patient meanwhile continues the diabolical practice, until insanity necessitates publicity, removal to a madhouse and death in a straitjacket. It is not superfluous to state that the narcotic vice is gaining ground every day.

It is no uncommon sight to see a richly dressed woman enter a pharmacy and quietly place a small black morphia box on the counter. Without a word the clerk steps back and in a moment returns with a diminutive, neatly wrapped parcel and a bow. With murmured thanks my lady takes it and walks away.

I've done it myself many a time. It is easy enough to get the tiny white tablets which form the basis of the deadly solution. It becomes occasionally necessary to buy a small amount at several places in order to be abundantly supplied. The opium eater, smoker, or morphia "fiend" are long unknowingly grows hideous. This fact should appeal strongly to the women who like to look pretty—and who does not?

The morphia fiend inevitably becomes distorted in mind, body and feature. The hair loses its lustre and falls out. The eyes become dull and dazed. The mouth grows coarse, the skin sallow, the teeth decay, and youth—woman's best hold, buoyant, hopeful youth—dies, and in its place rises the grewsome skeleton of despair.

There is no hell greater than the hour wherein the morphia fiend, craves her customary stimulant, no torture keener, no agony more intense, no moment when moral force is at so low an ebb. Horrible as are the visions of drink, they sink into insignificance beside the visions of the opium fiend.

Now that I have cast aside the flaming sword of temptation and broken the hypodermic needle, the phoenix of intellect soars from the ashes of oblivion—earnest in the cause of liberty and truth, tender to the faults of others and ever, ever hopeful. No reasoning, however clear, no explanation, however lucid, can convince the morphia fiend of the fallacy of his fancies.

I used to implore the nurse to move the pictures because the faces would

Nearly two and one-half million dollars, according to the newest estimates, will be needed to complete the work. The actual construction of the remaining part of the tunnel is the largest item, and this, it is said, will cost \$1,335,000.

The necessary real estate at the terminals, machinery, track and equipment and engineering expenses will add nearly another million to the cost of this huge work. It was stated at the meeting of bondholders of the old company held in London that one-half of the needed capital to complete the work would be supplied in this city.

After a prolonged discussion it was finally decided to go ahead with the work. The bondholders endorsed the plans submitted by Engineer Jacobs and authorized the commencement of legal proceedings to wind up the old company, foreclose the

mortgage and organize a new concern, which will be incorporated either in New York or New Jersey.

It will first be necessary to pump the water from the present tunnel and to clean out the mud which is supposed to have filtered in. The tunnel plans, made after elaborate surveys, show that the bottom of the Hudson for a great depth consists of sand and silt and in only one place will solid rock be encountered.

DeWitt Clinton Haskin, of this city, who was one of the active spirits in the construction of the Union Pacific Railway, was the originator of the Hudson River tunnel scheme, and made the preliminary surveys himself. The work, so far as it has progressed up to the time of its abandonment, was conducted under his supervision.

In excavating the tunnel under the riv-

er's bed, Mr. Haskin followed a novel plan, which he originated and patented. This in brief consisted of filling the tunnel with compressed air under a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch.

This served the purpose of keeping out the water and of upholding the sides of the tunnel until the brick and masonry could be built. In this compressed air the engineers and laborers engaged on the work toiled day after day.

They had to pass through an elaborate air-tight door to reach the place where the work was going on. At all times a sharp watch had to be maintained to stop the numerous leaks which were encountered from time to time.

Engineer Jacobs, who now proposes to go on with the work, expects to prevent leaks from the river above by a novel method. This is to be accomplished by

nod or frown at me. Once I had to have my room changed because the design on the wall paper looked like nothing so much as millions of grinning skulls.

When I occupied the new apartment, where the walls were painted white, every now and then a great, dark, square hole would open just opposite my bed and a huge, uncouth head would push through, and my soul was torn with fear lest he might manage to get in his shoulders and thus his whole body. He could almost do it. He could get one arm in, but not the other—not the other, thank God!

And then, again, it seemed to me that Shakespeare, seated on a prancing steed, appeared just over the mantelpiece. I asked him if he would tell me what plays were going to be successful next season. He bent his head affirmatively and straightway I wanted to send messengers to the different managers and put a price on my valuable tips.

Then, again, these visions turned to the monstrosities of the dime museum. Hideous howls and strange gibberish predominated. Trained giraffes tied their necks in knots. Monkeys chattered. Animals with human heads and birds with human voices surrounded, enveloped me, and crowded and poked and poked at me, and clawed and rent the air with their cries, and, though I hid my face, I could see them; I could always see them. I did not dare to close my eyes.

Then there was a sharp, staccato note and all the turmoil ceased. The sphere of sound seemed to have been broken, in an instant, and there was silence—utter rest.

For a moment there came upon my soul such a peace as the wretched long for in torment, but may never have. Ah! This was what I had hungered after. It was in search of this that I had come so far, so far, and through so many agonies. There was soft, warm color all about me, grayish brown and pink, which deepened, deepened, somewhere, away off, into a sunset glory of dense, dull, sensuous red.

There was no city, no house, no verdure on that far, cool, twilight plain. But all the sands lay golden, soft and fine, and over it all, as far as I could see, gleamed strange white traceries of silver, netted all through that precious, yielding desert of gold.

To walk in a cool, tinted twilight, through an endless land where the feet never touched aught, nor the eye saw aught, save miles upon miles of golden and silver pathways, in all patterns that art or riotous imagination could devise.

This was the life I was after. Barefooted, I thought, I set out upon this glorious journey. The silver was cool to my feet, the gold dust blew about my ankles in soothing ripples, and the soft night wind fanned my hair and bore it trailing out behind me, in a cloud which grew mightier and mightier, and at last obscured all the way that I had come.

But I recked not of that. The world was silver and gold to me, and away before me the sunset sky stretched out long, loving red arms of welcome. It was all I yearned for.

That is the cruelty of the poppy.

Slowly I became aware that the sands had lost their coolness, the grains of gold where my feet disturbed them flashed with an angry light. A great heat seemed to glow beneath them, and its vapor came up to my nostrils, stifling and parching like the breath of the simoon.

The silver floor of flagree was melting in the growing heat. As I hurried on I could feel the white metal hotter and hotter under my feet. Now I hastened. The heat had become a pain. The silver pathway was melting, and ran viscous all along my pathway. Every grain of golden sand was a point of living fire, and in the whirling wind of heat it rose and swept all about me, burning like the points of a million glowing needles.

I turned to go back, but behind me was only the black night which my waving hair had left. Inky blackness, and out of it shone blinding spots of red, and green—the gleaming eyes of devils, a legion of devils, little, vengeful. I could hear the murmur of their myriad footsteps, away to infinite distance in the blackness.

By the light of the molten furnace under my feet, I could see the creatures now. Blood oozed stickily from their slimy jaws. They had bodies shaped like the hop-tot. I knew it well. And the legs of every demon were two henhocks.

Rushing toward me, in the maze of that great cloud, they seized each upon a single hair of my head, and tugged with mad, fierce energy. The hair would not let go its hold upon the scalp. It was torture that could not end.

From this agony I turned and fled headlong over that seething, molten world. On, on toward the fierce light which seemed to set the whole universe aflame.

I could see now what that red chaos was, which I had taken for a sunset. It was Hell!

That was to be the end of it all, the end of hope, ambition, love of life, love of friends, love of happiness.

The fierce flames from that blazing pit licked the zenith, and yet I plunged on, nearer and nearer to them, while ever the tread of the million demons behind me grew like the roaring of a mighty wind, the pain of their tortures maddened me, the bubbling mass of red hot metal drew me closer and closer as blinding and suffocated, I staggered on toward doom.

In very agony of terror I shrieked aloud and fell into convulsions so violent it seemed as though they could but end in the mercy of death.

This have I suffered. From this have I been delivered. The quiet little sanitarium in West Chester village in which I faced, fought and overcame this besetting sin of mine has been home to me in the sense that it was my birthplace—my birth into the new and the purified life which I am now enjoying. I am now a free and happy woman, ready for life's work, eager for life's pleasures.

The sky is blue again, the sun shines anew. I see new beauty in the flowers, hear new melodies from the birds; am confident, ready to cheer and to comfort, and am glad to do it with God's blessing.

PEARL EYTINGE.

dumping huge quantities of tough clay on the bottom of the river near the New York shore above the place where the excavation is to be done.

The weight and extent of this blanket of clay is expected to prevent the river from percolating through into the tunnel excavation. After the tunnel has been completed it is proposed to dredge up this clay again.

At the same time it is not expected that the tunnel will be absolutely waterproof. The loose nature of the river bed will permit the entrance of water at nearly all times to the sides of the tunnel.

In order to obviate this it is now proposed to build a permanent pumping station in the tunnel at its deepest point. The shaft leading to the tunnel on the Jersey side of the river is thirty feet in diameter and sixty-five feet deep.

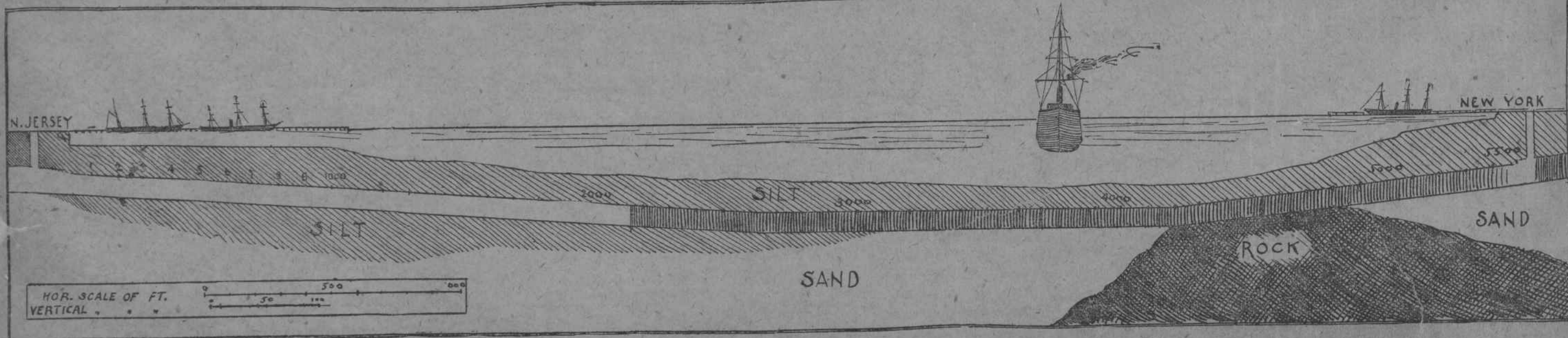


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE PRESENT UNCOMPLETED CONDITION OF THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL.